

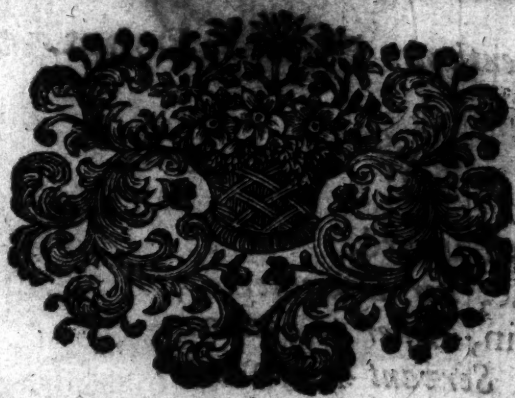
THE
COUNTRY HOUSE.

A
FARCE

As Acted at both

THEATRES

With great APPLAUSE.



LONDON:

Printed for W. MEARES at the *Lamb*, and
JONAS BROWNE at the *Black Swan*,
without *Temple-Bar*. MDCCXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Mr. Barnard.

Mr. Griffard, Brother to Mr. Barnard.

Eraft, in Love with Mariane.

Dorant, Son to Mr. Barnard.

The Marquis.

The Baron de Meffy.

Janno, Cousin to Mr. Barnard.

Collin, *Servant to Mr. Barnard.*

Charly, a Boy.

A Soldier.

Servant to Earth

A Cook.

Three Gentlemen and Dorant.



W O M E N.

Madam Barnard.

Mariane, her Daughter.

Mawkin, *Sister to Janno.*

Lifett, *Servant to Mariane.*

THE W. L. BARNES & COMPANY
LONDON, ENGLAND
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

LA MAISON RUSTIQUE

OR, THE

COUNTRY-HOUSE.

FARCE.

As it is Acted on all our

THEATRES

With great APPLAUSE.

Done from the FRENCH

By Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year, 1740.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Monsieur Barnard.

Griffard, Brother to Mr. Barnard,

Eraftus, in Love with Mariamne.

Dorant, Son to Mr. Barnard.

Monsieur le Marquis.

Baron de Messy.

Janno, Cousin to Mr. Barnard.

Colin, Servant to Mr. Barnard.

Charly, a little Boy.

Servant to Eraftus.

Three Gentlemen, Friends to Dorant.

A Cook, other Servants, &c.



Madam Barnard.

Mariamne, her Daughter.

Mawkin, Sister to Janno.

Lifetta, Servant to Mariamne.

The SCENE is laid in *Normandy*
in *France.*

LA MAISON RUSTIQUE;

COUNTRY-HOUSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Erasmus and his Man, with Lisetta,
Mariamne's Maid*

LISSETTA.

ONCE more I'll tell ye, Sir, if
you've any Consideration in
the World for her, you must
be gone this Minute.

Er. My dear *Lisetta*, let me but speak
to her, let me but see her only.

Lis. You may do what you will; but
not here, whilst you are in our House.
I do believe she's as impatient to see
you, as you can be to see her; but —

Er. But why won't you give us that
Satisfaction then?

Lis. Because I know the Consequence;
for when you once get together, the De-
vil himself is not able to part ye; you'll

stay so long till you're surpriz'd, and what will become of us then?

Serv. Why, then we shall be thrown out of the Window, I suppose.

Lis. No, but I shall be turn'd out of Doors.

Er. How unfortunate am I! these Doors are open to all the World, and only shut to me.

Lis. Because you come for a Wife, and at our House ~~we~~ don't care for People that come for Wives.

Serv. What would you have us come for, Child?

Lis. Any thing but Wives; because they can't be put off without Portions.

Serv. Portions! No, no, never talk of Portions; my Master nor I neither don't want Portions; and if he'd follow my Advice, a Regiment of Fathers should not guard her.

Lis. What say you?

Serv. Why, if you'll contrive that my Master may run away with your Mistress, I don't much care, faith, if I run away with you.

Lis. Don't you so, Rogue's Face? but I hope to be better provided for.

Er.

Er. Hold your Tongues. But where is *Mariamne's* Brother? He is my Bosom Friend, and wou'd be willing to serve me.

Lis. I told you before, that he has been abroad a hunting, and we han't seen him these three Days; he seldom lies at home, to avoid his Father's ill Humour; so that it is not your Mistress only that our old covetous Cuff teizes — there's no body in the Family but feels the Effects of his ill Humour — by his good Will he wou'd not suffer a Creature to come within his Doors, or eat at his Table — and if there be but a Rabbit extraordinary for Dinner, he thinks himself ruin'd for ever.

Er. Then I find you pass your Time comfortably in this Family.

Lis. Not so bad as you imagine neither, perhaps; for, thank Heav'n, we have a Mistress that's as Bountiful as he is Stingy, one that will let him say what he will, and yet does what she will. But hark, here's somebody coming; it is certainly he.

Er. Can't you hide us somewhere?

Lis. Here, here, get you in here as fast as you can.

Serv. Thrust me in too.

[*Puts 'em into the Closet.*

A 3

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Enter Mariamne.**Lis.* O, is it you?*Mar.* So, *Lisetta*, where have you been? I've been looking for ye all over the House; Who are those People in the Garden with my Mother-in-Law? I believe my Father won't be very well pleas'd to see 'em there.*Lis.* And here's somebody else not far off that I believe your Father won't be very well pleas'd with neither. Come, Sir Sir. [*Calls.**Eraustus and his Servant, come out.**Mar.* O Heavens! [*Cries out.**Lis.* Come, Lovers, I can allow you but a short Bout on't this time; you must do your Work with a Jirk ——— one Whisper, two Sighs, and a Kiss; make haste I say, and I'll stand Centry for ye in the mean time. [*Exit Lisetta.**Mar.* Do you know what you expose me to, *Eraustus*? What do you mean?*Er.* To Die, Madam, since you receive me with so little Pleasure.*Mar.* Consider what wou'd become of Me, if my Father shou'd see You here.*Er.* What wou'd you have me do?*Mar.*

Mar. Expect with Patience some happy turn of Affairs; my Mother-in-Law is kind and indulgent to a Miracle; and her Favour, if well managed, may turn to our Advantage; and could I prevail upon my self to declare my Passion to her, I don't doubt but she'd join in our Interest.

Er. Well, since we've nothing to fear from her, and your Brother, you know, is my intimate Friend; you may therefore conceal me somewhere about the House for a few Days. I'll creep into any Hole.

Serv. Ay, but who must have the Care of bringing us Victuals. [*Aside.*]

Er. Thrust us into the Cellar, or up into the Garret; I don't care where it is, so that it be but under the same Roof with you.

Serv. But I don't say so, for that Jade *Lisetta* will have the feeding of us, and I know what kind of Diet she keeps — I believe we shan't be like the Fox in the Fable, our Bellies won't be so full but we shall be able to creep out at the same Hole we got in at.

Er. Must I then be gone? Must I return to *Paris*?

Enter Lisetta.

Lis. Yes, that you must, and immediately too, for here's my Master coming in upon you.

Er.

Er. What shall I do?

Lis. Begone this Minute.

Mar. Stay in the Village till you hear from me, none of our Family know that you are in it.

Er. Shall I see you sometimes?

Mar. I han't time to answer you now?

Lis. Make haste, I say; are you bewitch'd?

Er. Will you write to me?

Mar. I will if I can.

Lis. Begone, I say, is the Devil in you?

[*Thrusting Eraustus and his Servant out.*

Come this Way your Father's just stepping in upon us. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Mr. Barnard beating Colin.

Mr. Bar. Rogue! Rascal! did not I command you? Did not I give you my Orders, Sirrah?

Col. Why you give me Orders to let no body in; and Madam, Her gives me Orders to let every body in — why the Devil himself can't please you boath, I think.

Mr. Bar. But, Sirrah, you must obey my Orders, not hers.

Col. Why, the Gentlefolks asked for Her,

Her, they did not ask for You — what do ye make such a Noise about?

Mr. Bar. For that Reason, Sirrah, you shou'd not ha' let 'em in.

Col. Hold, Sir, I'd rather see you angry than her, that's true; for when you're angry you have only the De'il in ye, but when Madam's in a Passion she has the De'il and his Dam both in her Belly.

Mr. Bar. You must mind what I say to you, Sirrah, and obey my Orders.

Col. Ay, ay, Measter — but let's not quarrel with one another — you're always in such a plaguy Humour.

Mr. Bar. What are these People that are just come?

Col. Nay, that know not I — but, as fine Volk they are as ever Eye beheld, Heaven bless 'em.

Mr. Bar. Did you hear their Names?

Col. Noa, noa, but in a Coach they keam all besmear'd with Gould, with six breave Horses, the like on 'em ne'er did I set Eyes on — 'twou'd do a Man's Heart good to look on sike fine Beast, Measter.

Mr. Bar. How many Persons are there?

Col. Vour — two as fine Men as ever Woman bore, and two as dainty Deames as a Man wou'd desire to lay his Lips to.

Mr. Bar. And all this Crew sets up at my House.

Col.

Col. Noa, noa, Measter, the Coachman is gone into the Village to set up his Coach at some Inn, for I told him our Coach-House was vull of Vaggots, but he'll bring back the six Horses, for I told him we had a rare good Steable.

Mr. Bar. Did you so, Rascal? Did so? [*Beats him.*]

Col. Doant, doant, Sir, It wou'd do you good to see fike Cattle, Pfiaith they look as if they had ne'er kept Lent.

Mr. Bar. Then they shall learn Religion at my House — Sirrah, do you take care they sup without Oats to-night — What will become of me? Since I bought this damn'd *Country House*, I spend more in a Summer than wou'd maintain me seven Year.

Col. Why, if you spend Money han't you good Things for it? Come they not to see you the whole Country round? Mind how you're belov'd Measter.

Mr. Bar. Pox take such Love — How now, what do you want?

Enter Lisetta.
Lis. Sir, there's some Company in the Garden with my Mistress, who desire to see you.

Mr. Bar. The Devil take'em, what Business have they here? But who are they?

Lis.

Lis. Why, Sir, there's the fat Abbot who always sits so long at Dinner, and drinks his two Bottles by way of Whet.

Mr. Bar. I wish his Church was in his Belly, that his Guts might be half full before he came—and who else?

Lis. Then there's the young Marquis that won all my Lady's Money at Cards.

Mr. Bar. Pox take him too.

Lis. Then there's the merry Lady that's always in a good Humour.

Mr. Bar. Very well.

Lis. Then there's she that threw down all my Lady's China t'other Day, and laugh'd at it for a Jest.

Mr. Bar. Which I paid above Fifty Pounds for in Earnest—very well, and pray how did Madam receive all this fine Company?—With a hearty Welcome and a Curtsie with her Bum down to the Ground, ha.

Lis. No indeed, Sir, she was very angry with 'em.

Mr. Bar. How! Angry with 'em, say you?

Lis. Yes indeed, Sir, for she expected they wou'd have staid here a Fortnight; but it seems Things happen so unluckily that they can't stay here above ten Days.

Mr. Bar. Ten Days! How! what!

four Persons with a Coach and Six, and a
Kennel of hungry Hounds in Livries, to
live upon me ten Days? [Exit Lifettab
and Mr. Bar.]

Sol. what do you want?

Sol. Sir, I come from your Nephew
Captain *Hungry*.

Mr. Bar. Well, what does he want?

Sol. He gives his Service to you, Sir,
and sends you Word that he'll come and
dine with you To-morrow.

Mr. Bar. Dine with me! No, no, Friend,
tell him I don't dine at all To-morrow,
it is my Fast-Day, my Wife died on't.

Sol. And he has sent you here a Phea-
sant and a Couple of Partridges.

Mr. Bar. How's that, a Pheasant and
Partridges, say you? — let's see — very
fine Birds truly — let me consider — To-
morrow is not my Fast-Day, I mistook,
tell my Nephew he shall be welcome —
And d'ye hear? [to Colin] do you take these
Fowls and hang them up in a cool Place —
and take this Soldier in and make him drink
— make him drink, d'ye see — a Cup —
ay, a Cup of Small-Beer — d'ye hear.

Col. Yes, Sir, — come along; our
Small-Beer is rare good.

Sol. But, Sir, he bad me tell ye that
he'll bring two or three of his Brother
Officers along with him. Mr. Bar.

Mr. Bar. How's that ! Officers with him, — here, come back, — take the Fowl again; I don't dine To-morrow, and so tell him [*Gives him the Basket.*] Go, go. [*Thrusts him out.*

Sol. Sir, that won't hinder them from coming, for they retir'd a little Distance off the Camp; and because your House is near 'em, Sir, they resolve to come.

Mr. Bar. Go, begone, Sirrah, [*Thrusts him out.*] There's a Rogue now, that sends me three lean Carrion Birds, and brings half a dozen Varlets to eat them.

Enter Mr. Barnard's Brother.

Bro. Brother, what is the Meaning of these Doings? If you don't order your Affairs better, you'll have your Fowl taken out of your very Yard, and carried away before your Face.

Mr. Bar. Can I help it, Brother? But what's the Matter now?

Bro. There's a Parcel of Fellows have been hunting about your Grounds all this Morning, broke down your Hedges, and are now coming into your House — don't you hear them?

Mr. Bar. No, no, I don't hear them; who are they?

Bro. Three or four Rake-helly Officers, with your Nephew at the Head of 'em.

B

Mr. Bar.

Mr. Bar. O the Rogue ! he might well send me Fowl — but is it not a vexatious Thing, that I must stand still and see my self plunder'd at this Rate, and have a Carrion of a Wife who thinks I ought to thank all these Rogues that come to devour me ! but can't you advise me what's to be done in this Case ?

Bro. I wish I cou'd, for it goes to my Heart to see you treated thus by a Crew of Vermin, who think they do you a great Piece of Honour in ruining of you.

Mr. Bar. Can there be no Way found to redress this ?

Bro. If I were you, I'd leave this House quite, and go to Town.

Mr. Bar. What leave my Wife behind me ? ay, that wou'd be mending the Matter indeed !

Bro. Why don't you Sell it then ?

Mr. Bar. Because no body will buy it ; it has got as bad a Name as if the Plague were in't ; it has been sold over and over, and every Family that has liv'd in it has been ruin'd.

Bro. Then send away all your Beds and Furniture, except what is absolutely necessary for your own Family, you'll save something by that, for then your Guests can't stay with you all Night, however.

Mr. Bar.

Mr. Bar. I've try'd that already, and it signified nothing — For, they all got drunk and lay in the Barn, and the next Morning laugh'd it off for a Frolick.

Bro. Then there is but one Remedy left that I can think of.

Mr. Bar. What's that?

Bro. You must e'en do what's done when a Town's a-fire, blow up your House that the Mischief may run no farther — But who is this Gentleman?

Mr. Bar. I never saw him in my Life before, but for all that, I'll hold fifty Pounds he comes to dine with me.

Enter the Marquis.

Mar. My dear Monsieur *Barnard*, I'm your humble Servant.

Mr. Bar. I don't doubt it, Sir.

Marq. What is the Meaning of this, *Mr. Barnard*? You look as coldly upon me as if I were a Stranger.

Mr. Bar. Why truly, Sir, I'm very apt to do so by Persons I never saw in my Life before.

Marq. You must know, *Mr. Barnard*; I'm come on Purposè to drink a Bottle of Wine with you.

Mr. Bar. That may be, Sir, but it happens that at this Time I am not at all a-dry.

Marq. I left the Ladies at Cards wait-

ing for Supper ; for my Part, I never play, so I came to see my dear Mr. *Barnard*, and I'll assure you, I undertook this Journey only to have the Honour of your Acquaintance.

Mr. *Bar.* You might have spared yourself that Trouble, Sir.

Marq. Don't you know, Mr. *Barnard*, that this House of yours is a little Paradise?

Mr. *Bar.* Then rot me if it be, Sir.

Marq. For my Part, I think a pretty Retreat in the Country is one of the greatest Comforts in Life ; I suppose you never want good Company, Mr. *Barnard*?

Mr. *Bar.* No, Sir, I never want Company ; for you must know I love very much to be alone.

Marq. Good Wine you must keep above all Things, without good Wine and good Cheer I would not give a Fig for the Country.

Mr. *Bar.* Really, Sir, my Wine is the worst you ever drank in your Life, and you'll find my Cheer but very indifferent.

Marq. No matter, no matter, Mr. *Barnard* ; I've heard much of your Hospitality, there's a plentiful Table in your Looks — and your Wife is certainly one of the best Women in the World.

Mr. *Bar.*

Mr. Bar. Rot me if she be, Sir.

Enter Colin.

Col. Sir, Sir, yonder's the Baron de Messy has lost his Hawk in our Garden, he says it perch'd upon one of the Trees; may we let him have'n again, Sir?

Mr. Bar. Go tell him, that ———

Col. Nay, you may tell him your self, for here he comes.

Mr. Bar. looks out the window of his house.

SCENE IV.

Enter the Baron de Messy.

Sir, I'm your most humble Servant, and ask you a thousand Pardons that I should live so long in your Neighbourhood, and come upon such an Occasion as this to pay you my first Respects.

Mr. Bar. It is very well, Sir, but I think People may be very good Neighbours without visiting one another.

Baron. Pray how do you like our Country?

Mr. Bar. Not at all I'm quite tir'd on't.

Marg. Is it not the Baron? [*Aside.*] it is certainly he.

Baron. How, my dear Marquis! let me embrace you.

Marg. My dear Baron, let me kiss you.

[*They run and embrace.*]

Baron.

Baron We have not seen one another since we were School-fellows, before.

Marq. The happiest Rencontre!

Bro. These Gentlemen seem to be very well acquainted.

Mr. Bar. Yes, but I know neither one nor t'other of them.

Marq. Baron, let me present to you one of the best natur'd Men in the World! *Mr. Barnard* here, the Flower of Hospitality — I congratulate you upon having so good a Neighbour.

Baron. It is an Advantage I am proud of.

Mr. Barn. Sir!

Baron. Come, Gentlemen, you must be very intimate; let me have! the Honour of bringing you better acquainted.

Mr. Barn. Sir!

Baron. Dear Marquis, I shall take it as a Favour, if you'll do me that Honour.

Mr. Barn. Sir!

Marq. With all my Heart — Come, Baron, now you are here we can make up the most agreeable Company in the World — Faith you shall stay and pass a few Days with us.

Mr. Barn. Methinks now, this Son of a Whore does the Honour of my House to a Miracle.

Baron

Baron. I don't know what to say, but I shou'd be very glad you'd excuse me.

Marq. Faith, I can't.

Baron. Dear Marquis.

Marq. Egad I won't.

Baron. Well, since it must be so, —
But here comes the Lady of the Family.

Enter Madam Barnard.

Marq. Madam, let me present to you the Flower of *France*.

Baron. Madam, I shall think my self the happiest Person in the World in your Ladyship's Acquaintance; and the little Estate I have in *this Country* I esteem more than all the rest, because it lies so near your Ladyship.

Mrs. Barn. Sir, your most humble Servant.

Marq. Madam, the Baron *de Messy* is the best humour'd Man in the World. I've prevail'd with him to give us his Company for a few Days.

Mrs. Barn. I'm sure you could not oblige Mr. *Barnard* or me more.

Mr. Barn. That's a damn'd Lie, I'm sure. [*Aside.*

Baron. I'm sorry, Madam, I can't accept of the Honour ——— for it falls out so unluckily, that I've some Ladies at my House that I can't possibly leave.

Marq.

Marq. No matter, no matter, Baron; you have Ladies at your House, we have Ladies at our House--- let's join Companies --- come let's send for them immediately; the more the merrier.

Mr. Bar. An admirable Expedient, truly!

Baron. Well, since it must be so, I'll go for them my self.

Marq. Make haste, dear Baron, for we shall be impatient for your Return.

Baron. Madam, your most humble Servant --- But I won't take my Leave of you--- I shall be back again immediately --- Monsieur *Barnard*, I'm your most humble Servant; since you will have it so, I'll return as soon as possible.

Mr. Barn. I have it so! 'sbuds, Sir, you may stay as long as you please: I'm in no haste for ye. [*Exeunt Baron and Marquis.*]

Mr. Barn. Madam, you are the Cause that I am not Master of my own House.

Mrs. Barn. Will you never learn to be reasonable, Husband?

The Marquis returns.

Marq. The Baron is the best humour'd Man in the World, only a little too ceremonious, that's all --- I love to be free and generous; since I came to *Paris* I've reform'd half the Court.

Mrs. Barn. You are of the most agreeable

able Humour in the World, *Marquis.*

Marq. Always merry.—But what have you done with the Ladies?

Mrs. Barn. I left them at Cards.

Marq. Well, I'll wait upon 'em—but, Madam, let me desire you not to put yourself to any extraordinary Expence, upon our Accounts — You must consider we have more than one Day to live together.

Mr. Barn. You are pleased to be merry, *Marquis.*

Marq. Treat us without Ceremony; good Wine and Poultry you have of your own; Wild Fowl and Fish are brought to your Door — you need not send Abroad for any Thing but a Piece of Butcher's-meat or so — Let us have no Extraordinaries. *[Exit.]*

Mr. Barn. If I had the feeding of you, a Thunderbolt should be your Supper.

Mrs. Barn. Husband, will you never change your Humour? if you go on at this Rate, it will be impossible to live with you.

Mr. Barn. Very true; for in a little Time I shall have nothing to live upon.

Mrs. Barn. Do you know what a ridiculous Figure you make?

Mr. Barn. You'll make a great deal worse, when you han't Money enough to pay for the washing of your Smocks.

Mrs.

Mrs. Barn. It seems you married me only to dishonour me; how horrible this is?

Mr. Barn. I tell ye, you'll ruin me? Do you know how much Money you spend in a Year?

Mrs. Barn. Not I truly, I don't understand Arithmetick.

Mr. Barn. Arithmetick, O Lud! O Lud! Is it so hard to comprehend, that he who receives but Sixpence and spends a Shilling must be ruin'd in the End?

Mrs. Barn. I never troubled my Head with Accompts, nor never will; but if you did but know what ridiculous Things the World says of ye ———

Mr. Barn. Rot the World ——— 'Twill say worse of me when I'm in a Jail.

Mrs. Barn. A very Christian-like Saying, truly.

Mr. Barn. Don't tell me of Christian ——— Adsbud, I'll turn Jew, and no body shall eat at my Table that is not Circumcised.

Enter Lisetta.

Lis. Madam, there's the Dutchess 'of Twangdillo just fell down near our Door, her Coach was overturn'd.

Mrs. Barn. I hope her Grace has received no Hurt.

Lis.

Lis. No, Madam, but her Coach is broke.

Mr. Barn. Then there's a Smith in Town may mend it.

Lis. They say, 'twill require two or three Days to fit it up again.

Mrs. Barn. I'm glad on't with all my Heart, for then I shall enjoy the Pleasure of her Grace's good Company — I'll wait upon her,

Mr. Barn. Very fine Doings This!

(Exeunt, severally.)



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. BARNARD.

HEAVEN be now my Comfort,
for my House is Hell: [Startt.]
Who's there, what do you want? Who
are you?

Enter

Enter SERVANT with a Portmantua.

Serv. Sir, here's your Cousin *Janno* and Cousin *Mawkin* come from *Paris*.

Mr. Barn. What a Plague do they want?

Enter Janno leading in Mawkin.

Janno. Come, Sister, come along --- O here's Cousin *Barnard* --- Cousin *Barnard*, your Servant --- Here's my Sister *Mawkin* and I are come to see you.

Mawk. Ay, Cousin, here's Brother *Janno* and I are come from *Paris* to see you: Pray how does Cousin *Marianne* do?

Jan. My Sister and I waunt well at *Paris*, so my Father sent us here for two or three Weeks to take a little Country Air.

Mr. Barn. You cou'd not come to a worse Place; for this is the worst Air in the whole Country.

Mawk. Nay, I'm sure, my Father says it is the best.

Mr. Barn. Your Father's a Fool, I tell ye, it is the worst.

Jan. Nay, Cousin, I fancy you're mistaken now; for I begin to find my Stomach

mach come to me already; in a Fort-night's Time you shall see how I'll lay about me.

Mr. Barn. I don't at all doubt it.

Mawk. Father wou'd have sent Sister *Flip* and little Brother *Humphry*, but the Calash wou'd not hold us all, and so they don't come 'till To-morrow with Mother.

Jan. Come, Sister, let's put up our Things in our Chamber; and after you have wash'd my Face, and put me on a clean Neckcloth, we'll go in and see how our Cousins do.

Mawk. Ay, come along, we'll go and see Cousin *Marianne*.

Jan. Cousin, we shan't give you much Trouble, one Bed will serve us; for Sister *Mawkin*, and I always lye together.

Mawk. But, Cousin; Mother prays you that you'd order a little Cock-Broth for Brother *James*, and I, to be got ready as soon as may be.

Jan. Ay, *a propos*, Cousin *Barnard*, that's true; my Mother desires, that we may have some Cock-Broth to drink two or three Times a-day between Meals, for my Sister and I are sick Folks.

Mawk. And some young Chickens too,
G

the Doctor said wou'd bring us to our Stomachs very soon.

Jan. You Fib now, Sister, it waunt young Chickens, so it waunt, it was plump Partridges sure, the Doctor said so.

Mark. Ay, so it was Brother — Cousin *Barnard*, don't forget the Cock-Broth.

[*Exeunt Janno and Mawkin.*

Mr. Barn. What the Devil does all this mean — Mother, and Sister *Flip*, and little Brother *Humphrey*, and Chickens, and Pigeons, and Cock-Broth, and Fire from Hell to dress 'em all.

SCENE II.

Enter Colin.

Col. O Measter, O Measter, — You'll not chide To-day, as you are usen to do, no marry will you not; see now what it is to be wiser than one's Measter.

Mr. Barn. What would this Fool have?

Col. Why Thanks, and Money to-boot, an Folk were greatful.

Mr. Barn. What's the Matter?

Col. Why the Matter is, if you have good Store of Company in your House, you have good Store of Meat to put in their Bellies.

Mr.

Mr. Barn. How so? how so?

Col. Why a large and fleetly Stag, with a pair of Horns on his Head, Heavens bless you, your Worship might be seen to wear 'em, comes towards our Geat a puffing and blawing like a Cow in hard Labour ——— Now says I to myself, says I, if my Measter refuse to let this fine Youth come in, why then he's a Fool d'ye see ——— So I opens him the Geat, pulls off my Hat with both my Honds, and said, you're welcome, kind Sir, to our House.

Mr. Barn. Well, well!

Col. Well, well, ay, and so it is well as you shall straightway find ——— So in he trots, and makes directly towards our Barn, and goes Bounce, Bounce, against the Door, as boldly as if he had been Measter on't ——— He turns 'en about and thawcks'n down in the Stra, as who wou'd say, here will I lay me 'till To-morrow Morning ——— But he had no Fool to deal with ——— For to the Kitchen goes I, and takes me down a Musquet, and with a Breace of Balls, I hits'n such a Slap in the Peace, that he ne'er spoke a Word more to me ——— Have I done well or no, Measter.

Mr. Barn. Yes, you have done very well for once.

Col. But this was not all, for a Parcel of Dogs came Yelping after their Companion, as I suppose; so I goes to the back Yard Door, and as many as came by, Shu, says I, and drove 'em into the Garden, so there they are as safe as in a Pawn'd, — ha, ha — but I can but think what a Power of Pasties we shall have at our House, ha, ha.

Mr. Barn. I see Providence takes some Care of me; this cou'd never have happen'd in a better Time.

SCENE III.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Sir, Sir, in the Name of Wonder, what do you mean? Is it by your Orders that all those Dogs were let into the Garden.

Mr. Barn. How!

Cook. I believe there's Forty or Fifty Dogs tearing up the Lettuce and Cabbage by the Root, I believe before they've done, they'll rout up the whole Garden.

Mr. Barn. This is that Rogue's Doings.

Cook.

Cook. This was not all, Sir, for three or four of them came into the Kitchen, and tore half the Meat off the Spit, that was for your Worship's Supper.

Mr. Barn. The very Dogs plague me.

Cook. And then there's a Crew of hungry Footmen who devour'd what the Dogs left, so that there's not a Bit left for your Worship's Supper, not a Scrap, not one Morfel, Sir: [Exit Cook.

Mr. Barn. Sure I shall hit on some Way to get rid of this Crew.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Colin.

Colin. Sir, Sir, here's the Devil to do without yonder; a Parcel of Fellows swear they'll have our Venison, and's-blead I swear they shall have none on't, so stand to your Arms, Measter.

Mr. Barn. Ay, you've done finely, Rogue, Rascal, have you not?

[Beating him.

Col. 'Sbleads I say they shan't have our Venison. I'll die before I'll part with it.

(Exit.

Enter Brother.

Bro. Brother, there's some Gentlemen within ask for you.

Mr. Barn. What Gentlemen? Who are they?

Bro. The Gentlemen that have been Hunting all this Morning, they're now gone up to your Wife's Chamber.

Mr. Barn. The Devil go with 'em.

Bro. There's but one Way to get rid of this Plague, and that is as I told you before, to set your House on Fire.

Mr. Barn. That's doing myself an Injury, not them.

Bro. There's Dogs, Horses, Masters, and Servants, all intend to stay here 'till To-morrow Morning, that they may be near the Woods to hunt the earlier — besides (I over-heard them) they're in a kind of Plot against you.

Mr. Barn. What did they say?

Bro. You'll be angry if I should tell ye?

Mr. Barn. Can I be more angry than I am?

Bro. They said then, that it was the greatest Pleasure in the World to ruin an old Lawyer in the Country, who had got an Estate

Estate by ruining honest People in the Town.

Mr. *Barn.* There's Rogues for ye!

Bro. I'm mistaken if they don't play you some Trick or other.

Mr. *Barn.* Hold, let me consider.

Bro. What are you doing?

Mr. *Barn.* I'm *Conceiving*, I shall *bring forth* presently ---- oh, I have it, it comes from hence, Wit was its Father, and Invention its Mother; if I had thought on't sooner, I should have been happy.

Bro. What is it?

Mr. *Barn.* Come, come along I say, you must help me put it in Execution.

SCENE V.

Enter Lifetta.

Lif. Sir, my Mistress desires you to walk up, she is not able, by herself, to pay the Civilities due to so much good Company.

Mr. *Barn.* O the Carrion! What does she play her Jest upon me too! — but mum, he laughs best that laughs least.

Lif. What shall I tell her, Sir, will you come?

Mr.

Mr. Barn. Yes, yes, tell her I'll come with a Pox to her.

[*Exeunt Mr. Barnard and Brother.*]

Lis. Nay, I don't wonder he should be so angry—they do try his Patience, that's the Truth on't.

SCENE VI.

Enter Mariamne.

What, Madam, have you left your Mother and the Company.

Mar. So much Tittle Tattle makes my Head ache; I don't wonder my Father should not love the *Country*, for besides the Expence he's at, he never enjoys a Minute's Quiet.

Lis. But let's talk of our own Affairs—have you writ to your Lover?

Mar. No, for I have not had Time since I saw him.

Lis. Now you have Time then, about it immediately, for he's a sort of a desperate Spark, and a Body does not know what he may do, if he should not hear from you; besides you promis'd him, and you must behave yourself like a Woman.

of Honour, and keep your Word.

Mar. I'll about it this Minute.

Enter Charly.

Ch. Cousin, Cousin, Cousin, where are you going? Come back, I have something to say to you?

Lis. What does this troublesome Boy want?

Mar. What's that to you what I want, perhaps I have something to say to her, will make her laugh ——— why sure! what need you care?

Mar. Don't snub my Cousin *Charly* — well, what is't.

Ch. Who do you think I met, as I was coming here, but that handsome Gentleman I've seen at Church ogle you like any Devil.

Mar. Hush, softly Cousin.

Lis. Not a Word of that for your life.

Ch. O, I know I should not speak on't before Folks; you know I made Signs to you above, that I wanted to speak to you private, didn't I Cousin?

Mar. Yes, yes, I saw you.

Ch.

Ch. You see I can keep a Secret. — I am no Girl, mun -- I believe I could tell ye Fifty and Fifty to that, of my Sister *Cicely* -- O, she's the Devil of a Girl -- but she gives me Money and Sugar-plumbs — and those that are kind to me fare the better for it, you see Cousin.

Mar. I always said my Cousin *Charly*, was a good-natur'd Boy.

Lis. Well, and did he know you?

Ch. Yes, I think he did know me — for he took me in his Arms, and did so hug me and kiss me — between you and I, Cousin, I believe he is one of the best Friends I have in the World.

Mar. Well, but what did he say to you?

Ch. Why, he ask'd me where I was going; I told him, I was coming to see you; you're a lying young Rogue, says he. I'm sure you dare not go see your Cousin — for you must know, my Sister was with me, and it seems he took her for a Crack, and I being a forward Boy, he fancied I was going to make Love to her under a Hedge, ha, ha.

Mar. So.

Ch. So he offer'd to lay me a *Lewis* d' Or

d' Or that I was not coming to you ; so done, says I — Done, says he, — — and so 'twas a Bett, you know.

Mar. Certainly.

Ch. So my Sister's Honour being concern'd, and having a Mind to win his *Lewis d' Or*, d'ye see, I bid him follow me, that he might see whether I came in or no — but he said he'd wait for me at the little Garden Gate that opens into the Fields, and if I wou'd come thro' the House and meet him there, he'd know by that whether I had been in or no.

Mar. Very well.

Ch. So I went there, open'd the Gate, and let him in —

Mar. What then ?

Ch. Why, then he paid me the *Lewis d' Or*, that's all.

Mar. Why, that was honestly done.

Ch. And then he talked to me of you, and said you had the charmingest Bubbies, and every Time he nam'd 'em, Ha! says he, as if he had been sipping hot Milk Tea.

Mar. But was this all ?

Ch. No, for he had a Mind, you must know

know, to win his *Lewis d' Or*, back again; so he laid me another, that I dare not come back, and tell you that he was there; so Cousin, I hope you won't let me lose, for if you don't go to him, and tell him that I've won, he won't pay me.

Mar. What wou'd you have me go, and speak to a Man?

Ch. Not for any Harm, but to win your poor Cousin a *Lewis d' Or* I'm sure you will — for you're a modest young Woman, and may go without Danger — Well, Cousin, I'll swear you look very handsome To-day, and have the prettiest Bubbies there; do let me feel 'em, I'll swear you must.

Mar. What does the young Rogue mean? I swear I'll have you whipt.

[*Exeunt Charly and Mariamne*]

Enter Colin.

Col. Ha, ha, ha! our old Gentleman's a Wag efaith, he'll be even with 'em for all this, ha, ha, ha —

Lis. What is the Matter? What does the Fool laugh at?

Ch.

Cl. We an't in our House now, *Lisetta*, we're in an Inn; ha, ha!

Lis. How in an Inn?

Col. Yes, in an Inn, my Measter has gotten an old rusty Sword, and hung it at our Geat, and writ underneath, with a Piece of Charcoal with his own fair Hand, *At the SWORD-ROYAL; Entertainment for Man and Horse:* Ha, ha—

Lis. What Whim is this?

Col. Thou, and I live at the *Sword-Royal*, ha, ha —

Lis. I'll go tell my Mistress of her Father's Extravagance. [Exit *Lisetta*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Mr. Barnard and his Brother.

Mr. Barn. Ha, ha! yes I think this will do. Sirrah, *Colin*, you may now let in all the World; the more the better.

Col. Yes, Sir, ——— Odsflesh! we shall break all the Inns in the Country — For we have a breave handsome Landlady, and a curious young Lass to her Daughter — O, here comes my young
D Mea-

Meafter. — We'll make him Chamberlain. — ha, ha —

Enter Dorant.

Mr. *Barn.* What's the matter, Son? How comes it that you are all alone? You used to do me the Favour to bring some of your Friends along with ye.

Dor. Sir, there are some of 'em coming; I only rid before, to beg you to give 'em a favourable Reception.

Mr. *Barn.* Ay, why not, it is both for your Honour and mine; you shall be Master.

Dor. Sir, we have now an Opportunity of making all the Gentlemen in the Country our Friends.

Mr. *Bar.* I'm glad on't with all my Heart; pray how so?

Dor. There's an old Quarrel to be made up between two Families, and all the Company are to meet at our House.

Mr. *Barn.* With all my Heart; but pray what is the Quarrel?

Dor. O, Sir, a very ancient Quarrel; it happened between their Great Grand-fathers about a Duck.

Mr.

Mr. Barn. A Quarrel of Consequence truly.

Dor. And 'twill be a great Honour to us, if this should be accommodated at our House.

Mr. Barn. Without doubt.

Dor. Dear Sir, you astonish me with this Goodness; how shall I express this Obligation? I was afraid, Sir, you wou'd not like it.

Mr. Barn. Why so?

Dor. I thought, Sir, you did not care for the Expence.

Mr. Barn. O Lord, I'm the most alter'd Man in the World from what I was, I'm quite another Thing mun; but how many are there of 'em?

Dor. Not above nine or ten of a side Sir.

Mr. Barn. O, we shall dispose of them easily enough.

Dor. Some of 'em will be here presently, the rest I don't expect till Tomorrow Morning.

Mr. Barn. I hope they're good Companions, jolly Fellows, that love to eat and drink well.

Dor. The merriest, best-natur'd, Creatures in the World, Sir.

Mr. Barn. I'm very glad on't, for 'tis such Men I want: Come, Brother, you and I will go and prepare for their Reception.

[*Exeunt Mr. Barnard and his Brother.*]

Dor. Bless me, what an Alteration is here? How my Father's Temper is chang'd within these two or three Days? Do you know the Meaning of it?

Col. Why, the Meaning on't is, ha, ha

Dor. Can you tell me the Cause of this sudden change, I say?

Col. Why the cause on't is ha, ha —

Dor. What do you laugh at, Sirrah? do you know?

Col. Ha ——— Because the old Gentleman's a Drole, that's all.

Dor. Sirrah, if I take the Cudgel —

Col. Nay, Sir, don't be angry, for a little harmless Mirth ——— But here are your Friends.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Dor. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Pasty-Hall*; See that these Gentlemen's Horses are taken Care of.

1 Gen. A very fine Dwelling this.

Dor. Yes, the House is tolerable.

2 Gen. And a very fine Lordship belongs to it.

Dor. The Land is Good.

3 Gen. This House ought to have been mine, for my Grandfather sold it to his Father, from whom your Father purchased it.

Dor. Yes, the House has gone thro' a great many Hands.

1 Gen. A Sign there has always been good House-keeping in it.

Dor. And I hope there ever will.

D 3

Enter

Enter Mr. Barnard, and his Brother, drest like Drawers.

Mr. *Barn.* Gentlemen, do you call? will you please to see a Room, Gentlemen? Some Body take off the Gentlemen's Boots there.

Dor. Father! Uncle? what is the Meaning of this?

Mr. *Barn.* Here, shew a Room, — or will you please to walk into the Kitchen first, Gentlemen, and see what you like for Dinner.

1 *Gen.* Make no Preparations, Sir, your own Dinner is sufficient.

Mr. *Barn.* Very well, I understand ye, let's see, how many are there of ye? [*Tells them*] One, Two, Three, Four? well, Gentlemen, 'tis but Half a Crown a-piece for your Selves, and Sixpence a Head for your Servants; your Dinner shall be ready in Half an Hour; here, shew the Gentlemen into the *Apollo*.

2 *Gen.* What, Sir, does your Father keep an Inn?

Mr. *Barn.* The *Sword-Royal*; at your Service, Sir.

Dor.

Dor. But, Father, let me speak to you, would you disgrace me?

Mr. Barn. My Wine is very good, Gentlemen, but to be very plain with ye, it is dear.

Dor. O, I shall run distracted.

Mr. Barn. You seem not to like my House, Gentlemen, you may try all the Inns in the Country, and not be better entertained; but I own my Bills run high.

Dor. Gentlemen, let me beg the Favour of ye.

1 *Gen.* Ay, my young 'Squire of the *Sword-Royal*, you shall receive some Favours from us.

Dor. Dear Monsieur *la Garantiere*.

1 *Gen.* Here, my Horse there.

Dor. Monsieur *la Rose*.

2 *Gent.* Damn ye, you Prig.

Dor. Monsieur *Trosgnac*.

3 *Gent.* Go to the Devil.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Dor. O, I'm disgrac'd for ever.

Mr. Barn. Now, Son, this will teach you how to live.

Dor. Your Son! I deny the Kindred; I'm the Son of a Whore, and I'll burn your

your House about your Ears, you old Rogue you. [Exit.]

Mr. Barn. Ha, ha ———

Bro. The young Gentleman's in a Passion.

Mr. Barn. They're all gone for all that, and the *Sword-Royal's* the best General in Christendom.

Enter Dorant's Servant, talking with Lifetta.

Lif. What, that tall Gentleman I saw in the Garden with ye?

Serv. The same, he's my Master's Uncle, and Ranger of the King's Forests — He intends to leave my Master all he has.

Mr. Barn. Don't I know this Scoundrel? What, is his Master here? What do you do here, Rascal?

Serv. I was asking which must be my Master's Chamber.

Mr. Barn. Where is your Master?

Serv. Above Stairs with your Wife and Daughter; and I want to know where he's to lie, that I may put up his Things.

Mr.

Mr. Barn. Do you so, Rascal?

Serv. A very handsome Inn this —
Here, Drawer, fetch me a Pint of Wine.

Mr. Barn. Take That Rascal; do you banter us? [Kicks him out.

Enter Mrs. Barnard.

Mrs. Barn. What is the meaning of this, Husband? Are not you ashamed to turn your House into an Inn — and is this a Dress for my Spouse, and a Man of your Character?

Mr. Barn. I'd rather wear this Dress than be ruin'd.

Mrs. Barn. You're nearer being so than you imagine; for there are some Persons within, who have it in their Power to punish you for your ridiculous Folly.

Enter Eraustus leading in Mariamne.

Mr. Barn. How, Sirs, what means this? Who sent you here?

Eraust. It was the luckiest Star in your Firmament that sent me here.

Mr.

Mr. Barn. Then I doubt, at my Birth, the Planets were but in a scurvy Disposition.

Erast. Killing one of the King's Stags that run hither for Refuge, is enough to overturn a Fortune much better established than yours — However, Sir, if you will consent to give me your Daughter, for her Sake, I will bear you harmless.

Mr. Barn. No, Sir; no Man shall have my Daughter, that won't take my House too.

Erast. Sir, I will take your House; pay you the full Value of it, and you shall remain as much Master of it as ever.

Mr. Barn. No, Sir, that won't do neither: you must be Master yourself, and from this Minute begin to do the Honours of it in your own Person.

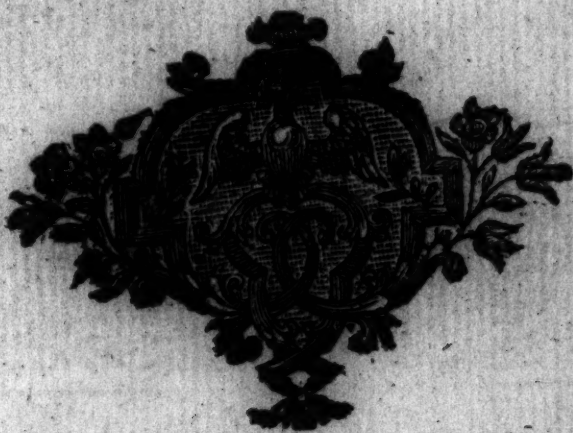
Erast. Sir, I readily consent.

Mr. Barn. Upon that Condition, and in Order to get rid of my House, here, take my Daughter — And now, Sir, if you think you've a hard Bargain, I don't care if I toss you in my Wife, to make you Amends.

Well

Well then, since all Things thus are fair-
 ly sped.
 My SON in Anger, and my DAUGHTER
 wed,
 My House dispos'd of, the sole Cause of
 Strife,
 I now may hope to lead a happy Life,
 If I can part with my engaging Wife.

F I N I S



L 7A 7

I can part with my engaging Will,
 when we hope to lead a happy life,
 Swift,
 I think myself of the loss Cause of
 and
 Person in Anger, and my DAUGHTER
 is lost.
 All then, since all Things that are fair

4 AP 54

